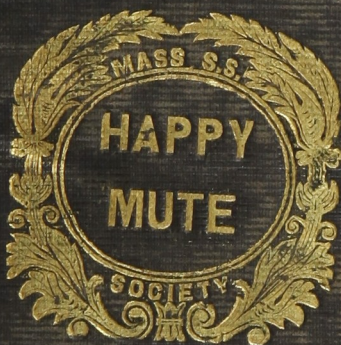
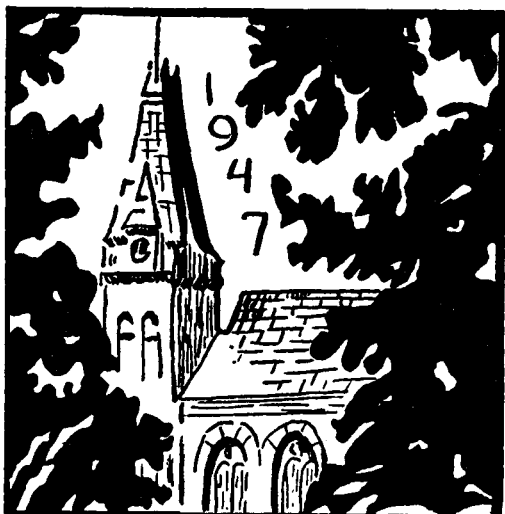


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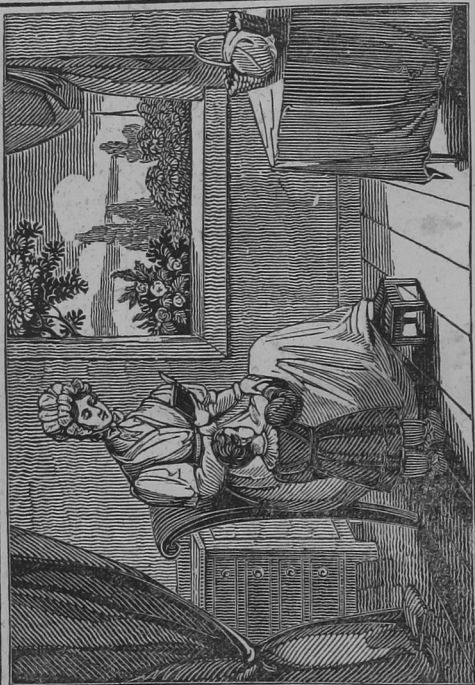
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THE

HAPPY MUTE.



FRONTISPIECE.

THE  
HAPPY MUTE.

By CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

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"Then the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, and the tongue of  
the dumb sing."—ISAIAH 35: 5, 6.

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## AMERICAN EDITOR'S NOTICE.

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This little book is considerably more than a republication of the work originally printed under the title "The Happy Mute: or the Dumb Child's Appeal." It is enlarged by incorporating with it numerous extracts from a work called "Personal Recollections," from the pen of the same author.



## THE HAPPY MUTE.

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THE little story which I am now going to write, is no invention of my own. The subject of my history was a boy as dear to me as ever was a child to its parents. A year and a half has scarcely passed since I saw him depart to be with Christ; and often do I look back with thankful wonder on his short but happy life—his slow and painful, yet most joyful death; and then I look forward to the period when, through the blood and righteousness of that Saviour whom he so dearly loved, I hope to meet my precious charge in the mansions of glory.

John B—— was deaf and dumb. His parents were poor people in a very humble rank of life, and had no means of affording any instruction to their child, whose situation

seemed to shut him out from all hope of it. They had one son, a few years older than John, and four daughters. Living in the suburbs of a county town in the south of Ireland, and subsisting on the produce of two cows, with what the father and eldest son might occasionally earn by working in the fields, they were, of course, very poor. But I was glad to find that they did not consider poverty to be an excuse for vice ; and John's mother remarked to me, " Though we could teach our child no good, we have kept him from learning any evil, and have never suffered him to play about the streets, with bad children. We watched over him—we could do no more."

Our Lord Jesus Christ, in applying one of his beautiful parables, said, " To him that hath, it shall be given : " and so it proved to the parents of the dumb boy. They did what they could in protecting their child from evil example ; and God, in his own time, sent another to teach him that good which they had no means of communicating.

Before I mention the circumstances of my first acquaintance with little John B——, I must say a few words on the subject of the deaf and dumb ; for many of my readers may never have had opportunity of observing this afflicted portion of their fellow-creatures, and those who have, may not have considered fully the particulars of their situation. We all know that language is learned by imitating sounds uttered by others. Some sounds, such as crying, laughing, screaming, are the natural expression of strong feelings, and common to all rational beings ; but speech must be learned by hearing others speak, or it will never be acquired at all. We are in the habit of saying that such a person was born deaf and dumb ; whereas, in truth, every one of us is born dumb, and must remain so until reason dawns, and we begin to imitate the words used by others. But when a person is born deaf, he continues dumb, because he hears no language spoken ; or, at best, he will only make strange noises, in attempting to imitate the movements that he observes in the lips of

others, who can use their organs of speech. Thus are the poor mutes shut out from communicating their ideas, except by such signs as they can devise to express them by ; and these are seldom understood or regarded, unless by those very nearly and tenderly interested in the welfare and comfort of the afflicted creature who uses them. Of course, all moral instruction is confined to mere tokens of approval or displeasure, as the child's conduct is correct or not ; and religious teaching seems to be out of the question, where words are wanting to convey it. We may teach a child who was born deaf, to kneel, to hold up his hands, to move his lips, and often he will do so with the most affecting aspect of devotion ; but we can tell nothing of God the Creator and Preserver, the Redeemer and Sanctifier of our fallen race. Interest, curiosity, and awe, are often excited to a painful degree, in the minds of the deaf and dumb, by the outward solemnities of worship ; but all is an unfathomable mystery to their understandings, and they pine in secret to unravel it. This I know, from frequent

conversation with many who have been brought under instruction, after years of ignorance and perplexity ; and it is a most affecting consideration, that, in the bosom of even Christian families, there are often individuals eager to be taught in these things, surrounded by fond connexions, whose hearts yearn to instruct them, and who are yet wrapped up in the gloom of heathenism, without God, and without hope. May the Lord and Giver of life bless these humble pages, as pointing out a way in which these beloved and interesting sufferers may be taught, at least, some of the grand truths of our most holy faith.

John B—— was brought to me by a little companion, also deaf and dumb, towards the close of a cold day in October, 1823. He was then more than eleven years old, but looked scarcely nine. His aspect was remarkably mild and engaging, combining the simplicity of an infant, with a great deal of respectful modesty. He was poorly clad, but very clean ; and when his little bare feet had made acquaintance with the warm hearth-rug before

my fire, and a good many wistful looks into my face had convinced him that he had found a friend, he became exceedingly well pleased with his new situation. New, indeed, it was to him; for I afterwards found that he had never before seen a carpeted room, nor any thing superior to the contents of his father's cabin; and I well remember his mounting a chair to peep through what he supposed to be a window—a looking-glass—and falling down in affright, at suddenly beholding the reflection of his own face in the mirror.

John did not appear at all expert in expressing himself by signs. Generally I have found the deaf and dumb remarkably animated and adroit in so doing; but he was naturally reserved, and the perfect seclusion in which he had lived, through the watchful care of his family, had afforded him little opportunity for exercising his ingenuity in that way. I could not get any answer to the various gestures that I used in the way of inquiry, encouragement, and remark; but a very affectionate smile told me that he delighted to be noticed, and there-



fore I went on. Having some large alphabets cut out, I took the three letters, D, O, G, and arranging them together, I pointed to the word, and then to my dog, until I was persuaded that he understood the connexion between them. Showing him a man in the street, I formed the word M, A, N, in the same way, and likewise H, A, T. I then shuffled all the letters together, and required of him to pick out what would represent the dog—the same with man and hat; and after a great many attempts I found him beginning to enter with some interest in the sport—for I took care, by the most playful looks and manner, to give it the appearance of amusement. Confining the lesson to these three words, I then showed him how to make the letters that composed them on the fingers: and sent him away with more learning in his head than ever it had carried before.

His parents were most grateful on hearing that their child had met with an instructor, and from the first day of our acquaintance, the dear boy seemed to love me with “all the

veins" of his warm Irish heart. That attachment grew and strengthened for the space of seven years and a half; it spoke in every action, every look; but never so brightly, as when, at last, he turned his dying eyes upon me, and smiled until they were fixed and sealed in the darkness of death. It is not my purpose to write now a full history of John B——. Many things I have to say of him, that must be reserved for a larger book, if God spares me; but I wish to give such an account of my plans and progress with him as may encourage others to similar attempts, when they meet with the uninstructed deaf and dumb.

I have already mentioned that the first lesson given to the boy was in words, without regarding the general plan of previously teaching the alphabet. This was learned by degrees, as he made each letter on the fingers, when he placed the printed character before him. Most people, I believe, know what is meant by speaking on the fingers. It is done, by placing the fingers of the hands in different positions. It is soon

learned, and forms a very easy and expeditious mode of conversing. John was soon able to spell many short words when shown the objects that they represented, such as cat, pen, ink, tea, cup, tray, and others—always first putting the proper letters in regular order before him, then making those letters on the fingers also. At the same time I commenced teaching him to write, in the usual way, on a slate. This was slower work than the other ; but he took extraordinary pains to succeed in whatever I wished him to do : and such will be the case in almost every instance when an attempt is affectionately made to instruct the deaf and dumb. They feel a difference between themselves and others ; they are conscious of being under some peculiar disadvantage ; they see those around them evidently interchanging thoughts and purposes, by some medium to them unknown : and no sooner do they find themselves taking one step towards the enjoyment of a similar privilege, than they are eager to advance, particularly if they be a little discouraged from using signs. John, like others,

had some gesture to express most things ; but I never chose to understand by a sign what I knew that he could spell. Thus, if he was going out, I would hide his hat, and vain were all his inquiring looks, his hand placed on his head, and then pointed to the street, or even to another hat—I appeared quite unconscious of his meaning, until the word “hat” was spelt on the fingers ; and then I immediately delivered it to him. This rule is of great importance ; for the deaf and dumb will rarely, if ever, use a word, when the corresponding sign is understood.

For a long while, my pupil only learnt the proper names of objects with which he was daily conversant ; but whenever I caught a sign for any thing easy to spell, I made him use the letters. Thus, bad, good, large, small, light, dark, and other adjectives, were taught as occasion called them forth. Seeing once the word “and,” he asked, by an inquisitive shake of the head, what it meant. I tied a piece of thread upon the pen, and passed it round the inkstand, telling him that the thread

was "and." He was delighted, and ever after used the conjunction correctly. I mention this to prove how much may be done by watching opportunities of familiar illustration. Children do not first learn their native tongue grammatically, but by catching a word here and there, with its signification. In the same way, by a ready use of the finger alphabet, any person may enable a deaf and dumb child to acquire considerable knowledge of ordinary language, while the thirst for information, once awakened, is found insatiable in these most helpless, most interesting beings.

The case of John B—— was a very peculiar one. He was lying under many disadvantages, and I was in continual expectation of removing from the place of his abode. I well knew that no one was likely to take up my ground if I left it, and this rendered me less anxious for the mechanical, and more solicitous for the spiritual part of the work which I had undertaken. I therefore made the most of all the signs that we could establish between us, in order to store his inquiring mind with what

would be more valuable than even the greatest facility of communication with those around him ; and God so blessed my efforts, that I am lost in adoring wonder when I look back, and review what the finger of Omnipotence wrought. The way was made plain and easy to me ; and so will it be to every believer who sets about such a work in firm confidence that God willeth not the death of a soul, but commands the gospel to be preached to every creature. Indeed we possess a great advantage in engaging in this branch of the blessed labor ; for, with scarcely any exception, the deaf and dumb are most fervent in their attachment, where they feel themselves compassionated and beloved. The number of those who can bestow attention upon them, and minister to their many deficiencies, must always be comparatively small ; their gratitude is proportionably concentrated ; while their thoughts and feelings, instead of being dissipated among the multitude of objects and subjects that throng a noisy world, repose in a little quiet region of their own, cherishing the images of a

few, in whom is centred all the joy of their otherwise solitary existence. This intensity of their affections may be made most richly available in the work of instructing them ; it was so to me : for I never had occasion to use an angry word, look, or gesture, in the progress of my pleasant task. John loved me—he could not endure to see me grieved ; nor could he be joyous unless “ Mam ” was in smiles. Any inattention or obstinacy on his part evidently distressed me ; he saw that his diligence afforded me delight, and, therefore, had no other motive existed to urge him on, the boy would have been diligent. I dwell upon all these things, because I am persuaded that the remarks are of very general application. Love is, in all cases, the most powerfully constraining impulse to obedience, to zeal, to whatsoever will be most pleasing in the sight of those who are the objects of that love ; and God has most deeply implanted it in their hearts, who peculiarly need very much of this powerful impulse. We ought to consider this when pausing at the outset of what I freely grant to be, in itself, a

difficult and laborious undertaking, only to be ventured on in the strength of the Lord.

John B—— was necessarily an Atheist, as far as his understanding was concerned. He had, indeed, been taught to bow down before a crucifix, and to the pictures and images that adorned the altar of the Roman Catholic chapel ; but this only puzzled him : for, as he afterwards told me, he saw that they were made of wood and paper, and that he was better than they, because though he could not hear or speak, he could both walk and see, whereas they could neither speak, hear, see, nor walk. Of course, he paid no honor to them ; nor had any idea entered his mind of the existence of a Supreme Being. In proof of this, one of the first questions that he contrived to put to me, was, whether I made the sun and moon.

I do not remember exactly how long after his first coming to me it was that John began to inquire so diligently about God. He seemed full of grave, but restless thought, and then approaching me, pointed towards the sun, and



by a movement of the hands, as if kneading something, asked me whether I made it? I shook my head. Did my mother?—No. Did Mr. Roe, or Mr. Shaw (the two Protestant clergymen), or the priest? He had a sign to express each of these.—No. Then, “What?—what?” with a frown and a stamp of fretful impatience. I pointed upwards, with a look of reverential solemnity, and spelled the word “God.” He seemed struck, and asked no more at that time, but next day he overwhelmed me with whats, and seemed determined to know more about it. I told him as well as I could, that He of whom I spoke was great, powerful, and kind; and that he was always looking at us. He smiled, and informed me he did not know how the sun was made, for he could not keep his eyes on it, but the moon he thought was like a dumpling, and sent rolling over the tops of the trees, as he sent a marble across the table. As for the stars, they were cut out with a large pair of scissors, and stuck in the sky with the end of the thumb. Having thus settled his system of

astronomy, he looked very happy, and patted his chest with evident self-applause.

I was amused, but of course not satisfied : my charge was necessarily an Atheist, and what I had told him was a very bare sort of Deism indeed. To communicate more, however, seemed utterly impossible, until we should have accomplished considerable things in the way of education. We had not above a dozen of the commonest words—all names of things—to which he could attach a meaning ; and our signs were all of his own contriving, which I had to catch, and follow as I might.

Next day, John came to me in great wrath, intimating that my tongue ought to be pulled out. This was his usual mode of accusation where a lie had been told. So I looked innocent and said, “ What ? ” He reminded me of yesterday’s conversation, telling me he had looked every where for God : he had been down the street, over the bridge, into the church-yard, through the fields, had peeped into the grounds of the castle, walked past the barrack-yard ; and got up in the night to look

out at the window. All in vain ; he could not find God. *He saw nobody big enough to put up his hand and stick the stars into the sky.* I was "bad," my tongue must be pulled out ; for there was "God, no." And he repeated, "God—no !" so often that it went to my heart.

I considered, prayerfully. My view of the Scriptures told me that without divine help none could really seek after God ; and also that when he vouchsafed to give the desire, he would surely increase knowledge. Here was a poor afflicted boy getting out of his bed to look by night for one whom he had vainly sought all the day : here was Satan at work to strengthen unbelief ; I was commanded to resist the devil, and surely there must be some way of resisting him. I sat silent, on the opposite side of the fire, and a plan having struck me, I looked at John, shrugged my shoulders, and seemed convicted of a deception. He shook his head at me, frowned, and appeared very much offended at my delinquency. Presently I seized a small pair of

bellows, and after puffing at the fire for a while, suddenly directed a rough blast at his little red hand, which hung very near it. He snatched it back, scowled at me, and when again I repeated the operation, expressed great displeasure, shivering, and letting me know he did not like it.

I renewed the puff, saying, "What?" and looking most unconscious of having done any thing; he blew hard, and repeated that it made his hands cold; that I was very bad, and he was very angry. I puffed in all directions, looked very eagerly at the pipe of the bellows, peering on every side, and then, explaining that I could see nothing, imitated his manner, saying, "Wind—no!" shaking my head at him, and telling him his tongue must come out, mimicking his looks of rebuke and offended virtue. He opened his eyes very wide, stared at me, and panted; a deep crimson suffused his whole face, and a soul, a real soul, shone in his strangely altered countenance, while he triumphantly repeated, "God like wind! God like wind!" He had no word

for "like;" it was signified by holding the two fore-fingers out, side by side, as a symbol or perfect resemblance.

Here was a step, a glorious step, out of absolute atheism into a perfect recognition of the invisible God. An idea, to call it nothing more, new, grand, and absorbing, took possession of his mind. I numbered seven years of incessant care over him from that day; and I will fearlessly assert that in his head and in his heart God reigned unrivalled. Even before he knew him as God in Christ, the Creator and Preserver were enthroned in his bosom; and every event of the day, every object that met his view, gave rise to some touchingly simple question or remark concerning God. He made me observe that when trying to look at the sun he was forced to shut his eyes, adding, "God like sun." An analogy not very traceable, though strictly just; for the glory that dazzled his mind was not visible. He was perpetually engaged in some process of abstract reasoning on every subject, and amazed me by explaining its results; but how he car-

ried it on without the intervention of words, was and is a puzzle to me.

Previously he had been rather teasing to the dog, and other inferior creatures, and had a great desire to fish ; but now he became most exquisitely tender towards every living thing, moving his hand over them in a caressing way, and saying, " God made." At first he excepted the worms from this privilege, remarking that they came up through holes from beneath the earth, while God was above over the sky ; therefore they were not made by him : but I set him right, and he agreed that they might be rolled up in the world, like meat in a pudding, and bite their way out. Thenceforth, wo to the angler whom John detected looking for live bait !

It was when he first laid hold on the truth that there is a God, that his mind seemed to be truly born ; it evidently filled the vacuum in his spirit—threw a sunshine over all his contemplations—and so richly was the love of God shed abroad in his heart, by the Holy Ghost, that I have no hesitation in saying he

valued every enjoyment, even down to the most ordinary comfort and convenience of life, more as the gift of his Creator, than because of the gratification which he personally derived from it.

But still my dumb boy was only an amiable Deist, in his comprehension of the Divine nature ; and I was well aware that he might thus live and die, and perish everlastingly for lack of saving knowledge. He had, hitherto, no conviction of his own sinfulness ; to the need, the offices, the name of a Saviour, he was a stranger ; and before he had acquired sufficient skill in language to express or to comprehend the shortest sentence, I was alarmed by seeing symptoms of severe illness, at a time when typhus fever was raging around us. I had already taken him to reside under our roof, for more constant opportunity of instruction ; but writing occupied a large portion of my time ; and, as I have said, my teachings was directed rather to his heart than his head, in the prospect of a speedy separation.

I now saw that not a day was to be lost in

giving him the GOSPEL—the message of reconciliation through the atoning blood of our crucified Redeemer. In stating the manner of so doing, I am actuated less by the expectation of its being found generally practicable, than by an anxious desire to give glory to God, for so extraordinary an instance of his divine power; and to show what encouragements await the weakest, who may betake themselves to such a task, carrying along with them, through every stage of their progress, an abiding conviction that they are but instruments in a far mightier hand—that the work is not *theirs*, but God's.

The way to this memorable conversation was opened, whilst I was secretly praying that the Lord would point it out, by John expressing some curiosity as to what became of people whom he had seen carried past to their burial. He signified by gestures that their eyes were shut very close—would they ever open them again?

As he had often seen the burial of the dead, and also the decay of animals cast out to



perish, it struck me as a strange question ; and one which showed that the thought of immortality is natural to man, and unbelief in a future state foreign to his untaught feelings. Lifting up my heart in prayer for divine assistance, I caught at the encouragement, and instantly proceeded to improve the opportunity. I threw down my needle-work, and bespeaking, by a sign, his most serious attention, I sketched, upon a paper, a crowd of persons of all ages, and near them a large pit, with flames issuing from it. I told him that the crowd contained him, me, every body—that all were bad—that God was angry—and all must be cast into that fiery gulf. He exhibited great dismay, and anxiously looked for further explanation. I then drew a single figure, who came, I told him, from heaven ; being God's Son, that he asked his Father not to throw those people into the fire, and consented to be nailed to a cross to die ; and that when his head dropped in death, the pit was shut up, and the people saved. It may well be supposed that I greatly doubted the possibility

that such a representation, explained only by signs, should convey any clear idea to the boy's mind ; but it is God's will, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe ; and I had immediate token of his assisting power, for John, after a pause of wonder, started an objection most delightful to me, inasmuch as it proved that he had laid hold on the grand doctrine of substitution. He observed that the sufferer on the cross was but one ; that the ransomed crowd were many, very many ; and his earnest " What ? " with the eloquent look that now rested on his once listless countenance, signified his doubt of God being satisfied with the exchange. The Lord still helped me ; I took off my ring, laying it by itself on the table, and then breaking, into many pieces, the leaves and stalks of some decayed flowers in a jar, I heaped them near it ; asking, with a smile, which he would have, the one piece of gold, or the many withered fragments ? Never shall I forget his look—the beautiful, the brilliant look of sudden apprehension—the laugh of delight—the repeat-

ed clapping of his hands—while he declared, by animated signs, that the single piece of gold was better than a room full of old flowers ; that the former was like him on the cross ; the latter like men, women, and children : and he spelled, most exultingly, “ One ! One ! ” Then, with his countenance softening into the loveliest expression of grateful reverence, he looked up, saying, “ Good, good ONE ; ” and ran for the letters to learn to spell his name. That adorable name which is above every name—the name of Jesus, at which every knee shall bow—I taught him to spell, and then I told him how Jesus Christ was laid in the grave ; how, on the third morning, he burst its bars ; how he rose to the Father, and would also raise him and me from the dead ; and, finally, I assured him that Jesus Christ could see and hear us always ; that we might talk to him constantly, and hereafter be with him in heaven.

I should have remarked that, when showing John the pit of flames, I paused to convince him that he, for one, had made God angry ;

he freely confessed it, by sorrowful looks and gestures, but most vehemently denied that God could be angry with me. Thus he was clearly brought acquainted with the plague of his own heart; and not the slightest objection did he make to the justice of a dreadful sentence against him. This struck me the more, because he was exceedingly jealous of his own rights and reputation, never resting for a moment under any supposed invasion of either; yet had he nothing to reply against God—he tacitly acknowledged his guiltiness, and it was a most glorious proof of Divine teaching, that he never once appeared to question the *love* of God, even in delivering his own Son to a cruel death. I saw, with unutterable and overflowing joy, that my poor boy received Jesus Christ as *HIS* Saviour; and never, from that happy hour to the moment of his death, did he seem to doubt his interest in the atonement. So beautifully did he realize the apostle's declaration—"Ye are bought with a price"—that, without ever knowing those words, he took them for the rule of his life, and found the

principles conveyed in them a safeguard against sin in every form ;—that is to say, sin had not the dominion over him—he hated sin, he dreaded it, he fought against it, often with tears and prayers, and that in matters which would be deemed by many of very slight importance.

Very great indeed was John's emotion when he discovered that the Saviour in whom he was rejoicing was the object represented by the image he had been taught to bow down before. He resented it deeply : I was quite alarmed at the sudden and violent turn his feelings took against Popery. Awake as I was to its abominations, I yet temporized sadly in this matter ; I had not faith to trust the Lord with his own, and dreading lest any interference with the forms of their idolatrous worship should cause his friends to take him from me, as Pat must have known it immediately, I refrained from approaching the subject, and allowed the poor little fellow to bow down with the rest in a mass-house.

Returning from the chapel, one day, soon

after this, he came up to me under great excitement. he took up a clothes-brush, set it on one end, and with a ludicrous grimace bowed down before it, joining his hands in the attitude of prayer, and chattering after his fashion; then asking the brush if it could hear him, waiting in an attitude of attention for its reply, and finally knocking it over, and kicking it round the room, saying, "Bad god, bad god!" I guessed pretty well what it was all about; but as he concluded by snapping his fingers exultingly, and seating himself without further remark, I spoke on other subjects. My feelings were far from enviable.

Next morning, John was very animated, and came to me with an evident budget of new thoughts. He told me something very small came out of the ground, pointing in opposite directions; it grew; and then two more points appeared. I found he was describing the growth of a plant, and expecting some question, was all attention; but John was come to teach, not to learn. He soon showed that his tree had reached a great height and size; then

he made as if shouldering a hatchet, advanced to the tree, and cut it down. Next came a great deal of sawing, chopping, planing, and shaping, until he made me understand he had cut out a crucifix, which he laid by, and proceeded to make a stool, a box, and other small articles; after which he gathered up the chips, flung them on the fire, and seemed to be cheering himself in the blaze. I actually trembled at the proceeding; for where had he, who could not form or understand half a sentence, where had *he* learned the Holy Spirit's testimony as recorded by Isaiah, chap. 44.

The sequel was what I anticipated: he feigned to set up the imaginary crucifix, and preparing to pray before it, checked himself, saying, "No;" then with animated seriousness reverted to the springing up of the little seedling, saying, "God made;" and as it grew, he described the fashioning of the trunk, and branches, and leaves, most gracefully, still saying, "God made;" he seemed to dip a pencil in color, to paint the leaves, repeating, "God made beautiful!" Then that God

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made his hands too, and he came to the conclusion that the tree which God made, cut out by his hands which God made, could not be God who made them. Then he got very angry, and not satisfied with an unsubstantial object for his holy indignation to vent itself upon, he ran for the clothes-brush, and gave it a worse cuffing and kicking than before; ending with a solemn inquiry, whether I worshipped crosses, &c., when I went to church?

I trembled to give the encouragement I longed to bestow. However, I distinctly intimated my detestation of idolatry, and confirmed his strong repudiation of it. He told me he would not go any more to chapel, but I told him, as well as I could, the almost certain consequences. He became greatly distressed as the next Sabbath approached, but contrary to all my expectations returned from mass in excellent spirits. Pat told me, laughing, that John was become so musical he insisted on going to sit by the organ, that he might feel the vibration, and when alone with me, John joyfully told me that he had ran up the stairs



from the outer door to the organ loft, and so escaped even the necessity of bowing down to the cross. This plan he persisted in from that day. Some years afterwards I asked his brother if he had any suspicion at the time, of the boy's object in so doing: he answered, None at all; and that if he had he would have forced him into the body of the mass-house, and compelled him to prostrate himself.

I will give one illustration before I quit this part of the subject, merely remarking that the same holy and heavenly wisdom guided him under every temptation. He had a great abhorrence of drunkenness; and, to avoid the beginnings of such a sin, he resolved, with my hearty concurrence, never to taste strong drink of any kind. He observed, that Satan (of whose devices he appeared continually watchful) would persuade him to take a small spoonful of wine to-day, a larger to-morrow, then half a glassful, and so on, until he should be willing to drink to intoxication. I had to lament, in common with many others, who desire to train up children in the way wherein

they should go, that the injudicious and mistaken kindness of friends threw many hindrances in his path : frequently was my dear boy distressed by importunities, which his remarkably modest and courteous disposition rendered it very painful to resist, and I was censured for countenancing what they called an unnecessary strictness ; but, I thank God, I never took part against the conscience which he had made so tender. On one occasion, about four years after he came to me, he was sent, with a note, to a friend's house, and, while waiting for the answer, he was pressed to take a glass of wine by a young gentleman, who had resolved to overcome his scruples ; the lad refused, but was more importunately urged to take it. His rejection became more firm and emphatic as his thoughtless friend more resolutely persevered ; until the latter seized him by the collar, drew his head back, and poured the wine into his lips. In this emergency John set his teeth so firmly that scarcely a drop could pass them, and the contents of the glass ran down over a very pretty waistcoat which I had just

made for him, and which he highly valued. He said nothing, but buttoned his coat, and returned with the letter; then told me what had passed, showed the stains, and with an exulting smile, concluded by remarking that his waistcoat was spoiled, but God was not angry, for John was not drunk. When adverting to it afterwards, he said that God had made his teeth, and the devil could not get the wine through them.

I have already said that it is not now my purpose to write John's history, and I shall pass over most of the seven years during which he walked with God on earth blameless, and without rebuke; a silent, lovely light, shining among men, so as to compel many to glorify his heavenly Father. It became necessary for the writer to remove to England; but she obtained the grateful consent of John's parents to take him with her. His mother's words, while tears rolled down her cheeks, were, "Take him; he is more your child than ours." His father remarked, "Why should not we let him go with you, seeing he would grieve to death if you left him behind."

John had never before been beyond the environs of his native town, and I expected to see him much astonished by the splendid buildings of Dublin. He regarded them, however, with indifference, because, as he said, they were not "God-mades," while the scenery through which we had travelled, particularly the noble oaks on Colonel Bruen's fine demesne, and the groups of deer reclining beneath their broad shadows, roused him to enthusiasm. It was wonderful to trace the exquisite perception of beauty as developed in that boy who had never even been in a furnished room until he came to me. His taste was refined, and his mind delicate beyond belief. I never saw such sensitive modesty as he manifested to the last day of his life. Rudeness of any kind was hateful to him; he not only yielded respect to all, but required it towards himself, and really commanded it by his striking propriety of manner. He was, as a dear friend once remarked, a "God-made" gentleman, untainted with the slightest approach to any thing like affectation or coxcombry; indeed he

ridiculed the latter with much comic effect; and the words "Dandy Jack" would put him out of conceit with any article of apparel that drew forth the remark. He would answer the taunt with a face of grave rebuke, saying, "Bad mam, bold mam; John dandy, no; John poor boy." He had not, indeed, arrived at so copious a vocabulary when we left his home; but he was rapidly acquiring new words.

It was beautiful to see him at prayer. He had never kneeled down with us at Kilkenny; for any Romanist who had detected him doing so must have informed, and the priest would have commanded his removal. In Dublin he volunteered to join us, and as he kneeled with clasped hands, looking up towards heaven, the expression of his countenance was most lovely. A smile of childlike confidence and reverential love played over his features, now becoming most eloquent; his bristly hair had begun to assume a silky appearance, and was combed aside from a magnificent brow, while a fine color perpetually mantled his cheeks, and

changed with every emotion ; his dark hazel eyes, large, and very bright, always speaking some thought that occupied his mind. He was rather more than twelve years old. In profile he much resembled Kirk White when older ; but the strongest likeness I ever saw of him is an original portrait of Edward VI, by Holbein, in my possession. It was taken after consumption had set its seal on the countenance of that blessed young king, as it did on that of my dear dumb boy.

One adventure he had in Dublin that afforded him much enjoyment. I went into an extensive toy-shop to make some purchase, and John, enchanted with the wonders around him, strolled to the farther end, and into a little adjoining recess, well filled with toys. A great uproar in that direction made us all run to inquire the cause, and there was John, mounted on a first-rate rocking-horse, tearing away full gallop, and absolutely roaring out in the maddest paroxysm of delight, his hat fallen off, his arm raised, his eyes and mouth wide open, and the surrounding valuables in imminent

peril of a general crash. The mistress of the shop was so convulsed with laughter that she could render no assistance, and it was with some difficulty I checked his triumphant career and dismounted him. He gave me afterwards a diverting account of his cautious approach to the "good horse;" how he ascertained it was "bite, no; kick, no;" and gradually got resolution to mount it. He wanted to know how far he had rode, and also if he was a God-made? I told him it was wood, but I doubt whether he believed me. Thenceforth Dublin was associated in his mind with nothing else; even at nineteen years of age he would say, if he met with the name, "Good Dublin, good horse; small John love good Dublin horse." The shipping pleased him greatly, and many of his beautiful drawings were representations of sailing vessels.

On reaching England, the writer went to reside with her brother at Clifton, near the excellent Mrs. Hannah More, who took a lively interest in John. Here I had a new and delightful employment in teaching my brother's eldest

surviving boy the accomplishments of walking and talking. I almost expected John to be jealous of such a rival, but I wronged him : nothing could exceed his fondness for "Baby boy," or the zeal of his Irish devotion to the little gentleman. Knowing that in the event of my removal John must earn his bread by some laborious or servile occupation, I had kept him humble. He ate in the same room with us, because I never suffered him to associate with servants, but at a side-table ; and he was expected to do every little household work that befitted his age and strength. A kind shake of the hand, morning and evening, was his peculiar privilege ; and the omission a punishment too severe to be inflicted, except on occasions of most flagrant delinquency, such as rebelling against orders, or expressing any angry emotion, to which he was constitutionally liable, by yells and howls, that almost frightened the Hotwells from their propriety. He had, of course, no idea of the strength of his own lungs, nor of the effect produced by giving them full play in a fit of passion ; but



the commotion into which it threw the whole house seemed to flatter his vanity, and he became a vocalist on very trifling occasions. This neither agreed with our dear invalid landlady, nor was a fitting example for "Baby boy," who speedily tried his own little treble in admiring imitation of John's deafening base ; and recourse was at last had to the aid of a young friend, who bestowed a few gentle raps on his head with the bent end of a hooked cane, and then locked him up in a dark kitchen for half an hour, saying to me, rather regretfully, "I suppose my popularity is at an end now. Poor fellow ! I shall be sorry to lose his affection." But this was so far from being the case, that to his closing scene John retained a grateful remembrance of the proceeding. He used to say, "Good Mr. W. ; good little stick beat John's head ; made bad John good. John love good Mr. W." At the very time, as soon as he saw his kind corrector, after the business, he very gracefully and cordially thanked him, kissing his hand, with a bow, and saying, "John no more cry ;" and as he really

was hardly touched, and full well knew we had not the heart to be severe, it was a proof of that openness to rebuke which is a lovely mark of true Christianity.

Montgomery beautifully says,

“Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,  
The Christian’s native air.”

And so it eminently was with the dumb boy. Under every form of condition and circumstance, in health and sickness, in joy, in grief, in danger, in perplexity—over his food, his studies, his work, his amusements, he was ever turning a look of peculiar sweetness on me, with the two words, “John pray.” He always smiled when so engaged, and a look of inexpressible eagerness, mingled with satisfaction, and the triumph of one who feels he has taken a secure stand, told me when he was praying, without any change of position, or looking up. There was always a mixture of anxiety in his aspect when he tried to make himself understood by his fellow-creatures ; this

gave place to something the reverse of anxiety when he was "talking to God," as he sometimes expressed it. He oftener looked down than up; and very often did I see his eye fixed upon the "Baby boy," when, as his looks bespoke, and as he afterwards told me, he was "tell God" about him, and that he was too little to know about Jesus Christ yet. Many a prayer of that grateful dumb boy even now descends in blessings on the head of my brother's "baby," and long may the hallowed stream continue to flow down, until they rejoice together before the throne of the Lamb.

One of John's lovely thoughts was this: he told me that when little children began to walk, Jesus Christ held them by the hand to teach them; and that if they fell he put his hand between their heads and the ground to prevent their being hurt. Then, as if he saw this proceeding, he would look up, and with the fondest expression say, "*Good Jesus Christ! John very much loves Jesus Christ.*"

I hope you are not tired of John; I have much to tell about him. God made me the

humble means of plucking this precious brand from the burning ; and I owe it to the Lord to show what a tenfold blessing I reaped in it. John was not the only one of whom he has, in the dispensation of his providence, said to me, " Nurse this child for me, and I will give thee thy wages." I have found him a noble paymaster !

Another boy had been added to our happy little circle, and John's warm heart seemed to receive an accession of love that he might have it to bestow on the " beautiful Baby small," which claimed so much of his thoughts and prayers. Indeed, his thoughts were always prayers, for God was in all. He made but little progress in language, having a great dislike to learning beyond what was needful for communicating his thoughts to me, and as he was then obliged to be more with servants than I liked, I was not anxious to extend his facilities of communicating with them : nor did he at all desire their society. He had a little room of his own, to his great delight, over the coach-house ; and when not employed in his work,

or talking with me, he was most happy with the pencil. He gave a strong and beautiful proof of the dread with which God inspired him as to ensnaring company : and I cannot pass it over.

My brother declared his intention of keeping a horse, and of course a groom. John came to me with an earnest entreaty that he might be the groom, saying he could do it so well. The reason he gave to me, confidentially, was, that men were very wicked : that the man-servant would often shake hands with the devil (his usual mode of expressing wilful sin), and that if John shook hands with him, he would some day draw his hand till he got it into the devil's ; meaning, that an evil companion would by degrees induce him to become evil too. He also said, Captain B. was very kind to mam, and that a servant would cost him money, and eat a great deal ; but John would take no money, and only eat "small potato, small meat," because he loved Captain B. When I communicated the request to my brother he laughed, saying such a boy could never groom

a horse ; but John had been privately to a kind friend of his, a retired non-commissioned officer of cavalry, who had the care of some horses, and got him to give him instruction, succeeding so well in his attempt that the serjeant told my brother he really thought him competent to the office. He consented to try ; and having purchased his horse, he tied him up at the stable-door for John to commence operations, while we all assembled to see him. I was apprehensive of a total failure, but he did it admirably, and my brother declared he only wanted a few inches in height to be one of the best grooms in the kingdom. John's exultation was very great. When we were alone, he went up to the horse, kissed it, and after telling me how pleased he saw his master look, he added, "No man ; all one John. Devil cry—go devil !" and snapped his fingers at the invisible enemy.

His greatest security next to his love of God was his constant fear of Satan ; yet it was rather a fear of himself, lest he should yield to his temptations, for he was perfectly aware

Satan would not force him to do any thing. Hence his extreme caution as to what associates he had, and a reserve with those whom he did not know to be Christians, which was sometimes mistaken for pride. He invariably asked me, of every person who came to the house, whether that person loved Jesus Christ; and if I could not give a positive answer in the affirmative, he stood aloof, always most courteous, but perfectly cold, and even dignified in repelling any advance to sociability beyond common politeness. He did not know the meaning of a single bad word, and God kept him so that the wicked one touched him not. I used every means, of course, to this end. I watched him most narrowly, and always interposed if he was required to do any thing, or to go to any place, in which I apprehended danger. My vigilance extorted smiles from those who considered it must all be in vain when he grew a little older; but no obstacle was placed in my way; and I bless God I never relaxed that care, nor did the boy ever depart from his holy caution; and he died at the age of nine-

teen, a very tall and fine looking young man, with the mind of a little babe as regards the evil that is in the world. O, that parents knew the importance of thus watching over their boys !

Soon after the first horse was established in his stall, my brother purchased a second for my riding, saying he should now, of course, get an assistant in the stable ; but John burst into tears, and himself pleaded with him for leave to do all. My brother greatly delighted in his broken language, and caught exactly his phraseology, so that they conversed together as well as with me ; and he told me he could not stand John's entreaties. "He is a fine little fellow," said he, "and if you will watch and see that, he is not over-exerting himself, he may try for a while : he will soon be tired." But far from it ; John was proud of his two horses ; and none in the place were better kept. When a cow was added, a young person came to milk her ; but John was outrageous, talked of his mother's "Kilkenny cows," and "Cow's baby," and expressed such sovereign



contempt for the stranger's performance, and such downright hostility against the intruder, that we had no peace till he got the cow also under his especial care. Often afterwards did he talk of that time, saying he was "Well John," when he had two horses and a cow, and almost crying over his loss. He grew rapidly, and the doctors told me that such a life would have kept him strong to any age.

One day he came and asked me to let him have a large hoop, to make him go faster on messages. I thought it childish, and did not regard it, so he went to my brother with the same request, who inquired his reason. John told him the stage coaches that passed our gate went very fast, because the four horses had four large hoops, meaning the wheels, and if he had a large hoop he could go as fast as the horses. Diverted beyond measure at such an original idea, my brother sent to Reading for the largest and best hoop that could be got; and many a laugh we had on seeing John racing beside the London coaches, with his wheel, nodding defiance at the horses, and

shouting aloud with glee. He often went six miles with his wheel, to bear messages and notes to our valued and much-loved friend, General Orde, whom he idolized almost, and who looked on him as one of the most lovely instances of divine grace he had ever met with. On the first formation of the British Reformation Society, General Orde wrote to me, with a prospectus of the intended work. I told it to John, who in rapturous delight gave me his whole worldly fortune of two shillings, bidding me give it to put in their pockets, and to bid good General Orde tell gentlemen to send much Bibles to Kilkenny, that his father and mother and all the poor people might learn to break the crucifixes, and love Jesus Christ. I wrote this to the General, who sent to me for the identical two shillings, which Mr. Noel produced on the platform, with the dumb boy's message, and I believe it drew many a piece of gold from the purses of those who saw the gift, which stands enrolled the very first in the accounts of that noble society's receipts. John often prayed for the Reforma-

tion Society, and I believe his blessing helped them not a little. There was so much faith in all that he did, such as God alone could give, that he never seemed to entertain a doubt of obtaining what he asked. Many a sweet instance of his childlike confidence in the Lord is engraven on my memory, at once to stimulate and to shame me. His whole experience seemed to be an illustration of the word of promise, "Ask, and ye shall receive." One of the things that struck me as being referable to nothing but the teaching of the Holy Spirit, was the interest manifested by this boy for the Jews. His active Protestantism was easily accounted for; but to give him an idea of Judaism would have been impossible. He could not read. His knowledge of language did not go far enough to enable him to understand the construction of a sentence; and though he spelled correctly, and wrote readily whatever he wished to say, and his mode of expression was generally quite intelligible to others, he did not comprehend what was spoken or written in the ordinary way. Ac-

customed to attach a distinct meaning to every word, and acquainted with very few besides nouns and a few verbs, which he only used in the present tense, independent of the pronouns, and without reference to number, he was quite lost among the other parts of speech. For instance, if I had wanted to say, "You must go to the village and buy me a small loaf of bread," I should have expressed it thus: "John, go village, money, bread small, one." Grammatically expressed, the order would have been unintelligible to him: but few would have misunderstood it in the uncouth phrase last instanced. He would have gone to the shop, and writing down, "Bread small, one," would have held out the money, and made a sign to express what size he wanted. It was this very fact of the impossibility of conveying to his mind any clear notion of things invisible and spiritual, that so gloriously manifested the power and goodness of God in causing the light to shine into his heart. To a reader who never witnessed the attempts of an intelligent, half-taught, deaf mute, to express his meaning,

and to catch that of others, much of what I state respecting John may and must appear, if not incredible, at least unintelligible; yet none who ever saw and conversed with him would fail to substantiate it, and they were very many. That zealous missionary, Dr. Wolff, visited my brother's cottage when he and I were both absent, and no one could assist John in conversing with him; yet so great was his delight, that he wanted to take him to Palestine, to instruct the deaf and dumb in the doctrine of Christ. The Rev. H. H. Beamish is another who cannot, without emotion, recall his intercourse with that dying Christian. General Orde, who saw him very frequently, regarded him as a wonder of divine grace; and the Rev. W. Hancock, his beloved pastor, who for four years observed him closely, often said he derived greater encouragement from the experience and the prayers of that poor boy, than from almost any other earthly source. Unbelievers will doubt; but those who know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ will adore.

Still it will be evident that John could not

read the Bible. He took great delight in copying it out, dwelling on such words as he knew ; but I have seen him turn over two leaves and go on wholly unconscious of any mistake : and I have found among his papers whole pages, composed of half sentences and single epithets from Scripture, put together in unbroken paragraphs, without any meaning. With all this, he was ardently attached to the Jewish cause, and always told me "Jesus Christ love poor Jew ; Jew soon see love Jesus Christ." When speaking of them, he would look very tender, and sorrowful, moving his head slowly from side to side, and his hand as if stroking some object in a caressing way. At such times it was curious to mark the effect of naming a "priest Roman" to him. In a moment his aspect changed to something ludicrously repulsive : he stuck his hands in his sides, puffed out his cheeks to their full extent, scowled till his brows overhung his eyelids, and generally finished by appearing to seize a goblet and drain off the contents to the last drop, inflating his body, stroking it, smack-

ing his lips, and strutting about. This he did, not as imputing drunkenness to the priesthood, but their denying the cup to the laity, and swallowing the contents themselves. Though his acting was laughably comic, his feeling was that of serious and severe indignation ; and he would reprove us for the laughter it was utterly impossible to restrain, saying, with triumphant confidence, "God see: Jesus Christ come soon."

After John had lived about four years in England, the writer's brother, a military officer, with whose family she was then residing, died by drowning, leaving evidence that he had quite recently become a true disciple of the Saviour. Under this dreadful affliction, what a tenfold recompense for all the care bestowed on him did I reap in the beautiful sympathy of the dumb boy. When I came down stairs that dreadful morning, he met me with a face of such wild dismay as even then arrested my attention. He uttered an audible "O!" of most touching tone, and thus expressed the impossibility he felt of realizing the tidings:

“John *what*? John asleep? John see no—think no. John afraid very. Beautiful Captain B. gone?—dead? *What!*” and he stamped with the impatience of that fearfully inquisitive *what*. I answered, “Captain B. gone; water kill, dead.” Tears stole down his loving face as he responded, “Poor mam! Mam one” (meaning I was now alone in the world). “God see poor mam one; Jesus Christ love poor mam one.” With a feeling of bitter agony I asked him, “What? Jesus Christ love Captain B.?” “Yes,” he replied, after a moment’s solemn thought on the question, “Yes, John much pray; mam much pray; Jesus Christ see much prays.” This was true comfort; all the eloquence of all the pulpits in England could not have gone to my heart like that assurance, that Jesus Christ had *seen* his many dumb prayers on behalf of that lost — O, I could not even, in the depth of my unbelieving heart say, “lost one.” I again asked the boy, “John *much* prays?” He answered with solemn fervency, “Very, very much prays. John pray morning, pray



night ; John pray church, pray bed. Yes, John many days very pray God make ” —— and he finished by signs, that wings should be made to grow from my brother’s shoulders, for him to fly to heaven, adding, *Jesus Christ must make the wings* ; and then, with a burst of delighted animation, he told me that he was a “ very tall angel, very beautiful.”

I have repeated this conversation to show the broken language carried on between us ; and also how powerfully he expressed his thoughts. Soon after, when I was nearly fainting, a glass of water was held to my lips. I am ashamed to say, I dashed it down, exclaiming, “ that murderer ! ” John caught my eye, and echoing my feelings, said, in a bitter way, “ Bad water ! ” then with a look of exulting contempt at the remaining fluid, he added, “ Soul gone water ? No ! ” This idea, that the soul was not drowned, electrified me ; so good is a word spoken in due season, however trite a truism that word may be.

That night I pretended to go to bed, that others might do so too ; and then I left my

room, went to my little study, which was hung round with John's sweet drawings, and sat down, resting my elbows on the table, my face on my hands, and so remained for a couple of hours. Day had scarcely broken brightly upon me, about two in the morning, when the door opened softly, and John entered, only partially dressed, his face deadly pale, and altogether looking most piteously wretched. He paused at the door, saying, "John asleep, no; John sick, head bad,—no more see beautiful Captain B." I could only shake my head, and soon buried my face in my hands again. However, I still saw him through my fingers; and after lifting up his clasped hands and eyes, in prayer for me, he proceeded to execute the purpose of his visit to that room. Softly, stealthily, he went round, mounting a chair, and unpinned from the wall every drawing that contained a ship, a boat, or water under any form of representation. Still peeping at me, hoping he was not observed, he completed this work, which nothing but a mind refined to the highest degree of delicate tenderness could

ever have prompted, and then stopping at the door, cast over his shoulder such a look of desolate sorrow at me, that its very wretchedness poured balm into my heart. O, what a heavenly lesson is that, "Weep with them that do weep," and how we fly in its face when going to the mourner with our inhuman, cold-blooded exhortations to leave off grieving! Even Job's tormenting friends gave him seven days true consolation while they sat silent on the earth weeping with him.

But God put into the dumb boy's heart another mode of consolation, which I must recount, as a specimen of his exceedingly original and beautiful train of thought. He used to tell his ideas to me as if they were things that he had seen; and now he had a tale to relate, the day after this, which riveted my attention. He told me my brother went on the lake in a little boat, and while he was going along the devil got under it, seized one side, pulled it over, and caught my brother, drawing him down to the bottom, which, as he told me, was deep, deep, and flames under it.

Then Jesus Christ put his arm out of a cloud, reached into the water, took the soul out of the body, and drew it into the sky. When the devil saw the soul had escaped, he let the body go, and dived away, crying, John said, with rage, while the men took it to land. The soul, he continued, went up, up, up; it was bright, and brighter, "like sun,—all light, beautiful light." At last he saw a gate, and inside many angels looking out at him; but two very small angels came running to meet the soul; and when he saw them, he took them up into his arms, kissed them, and carried them on towards the gate, still kissing and caressing them. I was amazed and utterly at a loss, and said, "Two angels? What? Mam not know, what?" He looked at me with a laugh of wonder; pointed to my head and the wooden table, and replied (his usual way of calling me stupid), "Doll mam! Two small boys, dead, Portugal." My brother had lost two babes in Portugal; and thus exquisitely, thus in all the beauty of true sublimity, had the untaught deaf and dumb boy

pictured the welcome they had given their father on approaching the gate of heaven.

A day or two after, some kind, sympathizing relations and friends being assembled at the dinner-table, something cheerful was said, which excited a general smile, John was in the act of handing a plate; he looked round him with a face of stern indignation, set down the plate, said, "Bad laughing!" and walked out of the room, stopping at the door to add to me, "Mam come: no laughing! Gone; dead." I had not smiled; and this jealous tenaciousness of such a grief, on the part of an exceedingly cheerful boy, was the means of soothing, more than any other means could have done it, the anguish of that wound which had pierced my very heart's core. These were a small part of the munificent wages that my Master gave me for nursing a child of his.

My first act had, of course, been to adopt my brother's son,—the "Baby boy"—now five years old, who had been since he first showed his little round face in England, my own peculiar treasure. I begged him as a

precious boon, and for his sake bore up against the storm of sorrow that was rending me within. John fell into a decline, through the depression of his spirits in seeing me suffer; for to conceal it from one who read every turn of my countenance was impossible.

The writer had collected at her house a sort of Sabbath school, which was attended with much interest. Their greatest temptation to disorderly doings was in the laughable, authoritative style of John's superintendence. He was now rapidly fading, but in mind brighter than ever. Seated in a large chair, a little to the rear of me, he kept strict watch over the party, and any deviation from what he considered correct conduct was noticed with a threat of punishment, conveyed by pinching his own ear, slapping his own face, kicking out his foot, and similar indications of chastisement, with a knowing nod at the offender. But if he saw an approach to levity over the word of God, his manner wholly changed. Tears filled his eyes, he looked all grief and entreaty, and the words, "God see," were earnestly spelled

on his uplifted hands. No one could stand the appeal; and very rarely had he occasion to make it.

John had lingered long, and sunk very gradually; but now he faded apace. His eldest sister, a very decided Romanist, came over for the purpose of seeing him. It may be possible to describe a glorious summer sunset, with all the softening splendor that it sheds around; but to describe the setting of my dumb boy's sun of mortal life is impossible. He declined like the orb of day, gently, silently, gradually, yet swiftly, and gathered new beauties as he approached the horizon. His sufferings were great, but far greater his patience; and nothing resembling a complaint ever escaped him. When appearing in the morning, with pallid, exhausted looks, if asked whether he had slept, he would reply, with a sweet smile, "No, John no sleep; John think good Jesus Christ see poor John. Night dark; heaven all light; soon see heaven. Cough much now, pain bad; soon no cough, no pain." This was his usual way of admit-

ting how much he suffered, always placing in contrast the glory to be revealed in him, and which seemed already revealed to him. Knowing that his recovery was impossible, I refrained, with his full concurrence, from having him tormented with mis-called alleviations, such as opiates, blood-letting, and so forth. All that kindness and skill could effect was gratuitously done for him, and every thing freely supplied by our medical friends; but they admitted that no permanent relief could be given, and I always hold it cruel to embitter the dying season with applications that in the end increase the sufferings they temporarily subdue. This plan kept the boy's mind clear and calm: the ever-present Saviour being to him instead of all soothing drugs. Sometimes when greatly oppressed, he has had leeches; and I remember once half-a-dozen were put on his side, at his own request. The inflammation was very great; the torture dreadful as they drew it to the surface; and I was called to him, as he sat grasping the arm of a chair, and writhing convulsively. He said to me,



“Very, very pain ; pain bad, soon kill ;” and he seemed half wild with agony. Looking up in my face, he saw me in tears ; and instantly assumed his sweetest expression of countenance, saying in a calm, leisurely way, that his pain was much, but the pain the Lord suffered was much more : his was only in his side ; the Lord suffered in his side, his hands, his feet, and head. His pain would be over in half an hour, the Lord’s lasted many hours ; he was “bad John,” the Lord was “good Jesus Christ.” Then again he observed the leeches made very little holes in his skin, and drew out a little blood ; but the thorns, the nails, the spear, tore the Lord’s flesh, and all his blood gushed out,—it was shed to save him ; and he raised his eyes, lifted his clasped hands, turned his whole face up towards heaven, saying, “John loves, loves, very loves good Jesus Christ !” When another violent pang made him start and writhe a little, he recovered in a moment, nodded his head, and said, “Good pain, make John soon go heaven.”

His sublime idea of the “red hand” was

ever present. He had told me some years before, that when he had lain a good while in the grave, God would call aloud, "John!" and he would start, and say, "Yes, me John." Then he would rise, and see multitudes standing together, and God sitting on a cloud with a very large book in his hand—he called it "Bible book"—and would beckon him to stand before him while he opened the book, and looked at the top of the pages, till he came to the name of John B——. In that page he told me, God had written all his "bads," every sin he had ever done; and the page was full. So God would look, and strive to read it, and hold it to the sun for light, but it was all "No, no nothing, none." I asked him in some alarm if he had done no bad? He said yes, much bads; but when he first prayed to Jesus Christ *he* had taken the book out of God's hand, found that page, and pulling from his palm something which he described as filling up the hole made by the nail, had allowed the wound to bleed a little, passing his hand down the page, so that, as he beautifully said,

God could see none of John's bads, only Jesus Christ's blood. Nothing being thus found against him, God would shut the book, and there he would remain standing before him, till the Lord Jesus came, and saying to God "MY John," would put his arm around him, draw him aside, and bid him stand with the angels till the rest were judged.

All this he told me with the placid but animated look of one who is relating a delightful fact: I stood amazed, for rarely had the plan of a sinner's ransom, appropriation, and justification been so perspicuously set forth in a pulpit as here it was by a poor deaf and dumb peasant boy, whose broken language was eked out by signs. He often told it to others, always making himself understood, and often have I seen the tears starting from a rough man's eye as he followed the glowing representation. John used to sit silent and thoughtful for a long time together in his easy chair when too weak to move about; and then catching my eye, to say with a look of infinite satisfaction, "Good red hand." I am per-

suaded that it was his sole and solid support ; he never doubted, never feared, because his view of Christ's all-sufficiency was so exceedingly clear and realizing. It certainly never entered his head to question God's love to him. One night a servant went to his room, long after he had gone to bed : he was on his knees at the window, his hands and face held up towards a beautiful starlight sky. He did not perceive the servant's entrance : and next morning when I asked him about it, he told me that God was walking above, upon the stars ; and that he went to the window and held up his head that God might look down into it and see how very much he loved Jesus Christ.

All his ideas were similar : all turned on the one theme so dear to him : and their originality was inexhaustible. What could be finer than his notion of the lightning, that it was produced by the sudden opening and shutting of God's eye—or of the rainbow, that it was the reflection of God's smile ? What more graphic than his representation of Satan's malice and impotence, when, one evening,

holding his finger to a candle, he snatched it back, as if burnt, pretending to be in great pain, and said, "Devil like candle." Then, with a sudden look of triumph, he added, "God like wind," and with a most vehement puff at once extinguished the light. When it was rekindled he laughed and said, "God kill devil."

He told me that God was always sitting still with the great book in his hand, and the Lord Jesus looking down for men, and crying to them, "Come, man ; come, pray." That the devil drew them back from listening, and persuaded them to spit up towards him, which was his sign for rebellion and contempt ; but if at last a man snatched his hand from Satan, and prayed to the Lord Jesus, he went directly, took the book, found the name, and passed the "red hand" over the page, on seeing which Satan would stamp and cry. He gave very grotesque descriptions of the evil spirit's mortification, and always ended by bestowing on him a hearty kick. From seeing the effect, in point of watchfulness, prayer, and zeal, pro-

duced on this young Christian by such continual realization of the presence of the great tempter, I have been led to question very much the policy, not to say the lawfulness, of excluding that terrible foe as we do from our general discourse. It seems to be regarded a manifest impropriety to name him, except with the most studied circumlocution, as though we were afraid of treating him irreverently ; and he who is seldom named will not often be thought of. Assuredly, it is a great help to him in his countless devices to be so kept out of sight. We are prone to speak, to think, to act, as though we had only our own evil natures to contend with, including perhaps a sort of general admission that something is at work to aid the cause of rebellion ; but it was far otherwise with John. If only conscious of the inward rising of a sullen or angry temper, he would immediately conclude that the devil was trying to make him grieve the Lord ; and he knelt down to pray that God would drive him away. The sight of a drunken man affected him deeply : he would remark that the devil had drawn

that man to the ale-house, put the cup into his hand with an assurance that God did not see, or did not care; and was now pushing him about to show the angels he had made that wretched being spit at the authority of the Lord. In like manner with all other vices, and some seeming virtues. As an instance of the latter, he knew a person who was very hostile to the gospel, and to the best of his power hindered it, but who nevertheless paid the most punctual regard to all the formalities of external public worship. He almost frightened me by the picture he drew of that person's case, saying the devil walked to church with him, led him into a pew, set a hassock prominently forward for him to kneel on, put a handsome prayer-book into his hand; and while he carefully followed all the service kept clapping him on the shoulder, saying, "A very good pray." I told this to a pious minister, who declared it was the most awfully just description of self-deluding formality, helped on by Satan, that ever he heard of. When partaking of the Lord's Supper, John told me

that his feeling was "very, very love Jesus Christ ; very, very, *very* hate devil : go, devil !" and with holy indignation he motioned, as it were, the enemy from him. He felt that he had overcome the accuser by the blood of the Lamb. O that we all may take a lesson of wisdom from this simple child of God !

John labored anxiously to convert his sister ; and as she could not read at all, the whole controversy was carried on by signs. Mary was excessively mirthful, John unboundedly earnest ; and when her playful reproaches roused his Irish blood, the scene was often very comic. I remember he was once bringing a long list of accusations against her priest, for taking his mother's money, making the poor fast, while the rich paid for dispensations to eat, inflicting cruel penances, drinking too much whisky ; and finally telling the people to worship wooden and breadden gods. To all this Mary attended with perfect good humor, and then told him the same priest had christened him and made crosses upon him. John wrathfully intimated that he was then a baby,



with a head like a doll's, and knew nothing : but if he had been wise he would have kicked his little foot into the priest's mouth. The controversy grew so warm that I had to part them. His horror of the priests was solely directed against their false religion ; when I told him of one being converted, he leaped about for joy.

At the commencement of the year 1831 he was evidently dying ; and we got a furlough for his brother to visit him. Poor Pat never went to bed but twice during the fortnight he was there, so bitterly did he grieve over the companion of his early days ; and many a sweet discourse passed between them, on the subject of the blessed hope that sustained the dying Christian. He only survived Pat's departure four days. On the third of February the last symptoms came on ; the death-damps began to ooze out, his legs were swelled to the size of his body, and he sat in that state, incapable of receiving warmth, scarcely able to swallow, yet clear, bright, and tranquil, for thirty hours. The morning of the last day was

marked by such a revival of strength that he walked across the room with little help, and talked incessantly to me, and to all who came near him. He told me, among other things, that once God destroyed all men by rain, except those in the ark ; and that he would soon do it again, not with water but with fire. He described the Lord as taking up the wicked by handfulls, breaking them, and throwing them into a fire ; repeating, "all bads, all bads go fire." I asked if he was not bad ; "Yes, John bad very." Would he be thrown into the fire ? "No : Jesus Christ loves poor John." He then spoke rapturously of the "red hand," of the angels he should soon be singing with, of the day when Satan should be cast into the pit, and of the delight he should have in seeing me again. He prayed for his family, begged me to teach Mary to read the Bible, to warn Pat against bad example, to bring up my brother's boys to love Jesus Christ, and lastly, he repeated over and over again the fervent injunction to love Ireland, to pray for Ireland, to write books for "John's poor Ireland," and in

every way to oppose Popery. He called it "Roman," always ; and it was a striking sight, that youth all but dead, kindling into the most animated, stern, energetic warmth of manner, raising his cold, damp hands, and spelling with them the words, "Roman is a lie." "One Jesus Christ, one (meaning he was the only Saviour) John's one Jesus Christ ;" and then, with a force as if he would have the characters impressed on his hands, he reiterated, as slowly as possible, his dying protest, "Roman is A LIE !" Very sweetly he thanked me for all my care ; and now he seemed to bequeath to me his zeal against the destroyer of his people. The last signs of removal came on in the evening ; his sight failed, he rubbed his eyes, shook his head, and then smiled with conscious pleasure. At last he asked me to let him lie down on the sofa where he had been sitting, and saying very calmly, "A sleep," put his hand into mine, closed his eyes, and breathed his spirit forth so gently, that it was difficult to mark the precise moment of that joyful change.

I still hope to throw into a volume the numerous particulars that remain untold concerning this boy ; and I will not dwell upon the subject longer. God had graciously kept me faithful to my trust ; and I surrendered it, not without most keenly feeling the loss of such a companion, but with a glow of adoring thankfulness that overcame all selfish regrets. Thenceforth my lot was to be cast among strangers, and sorely did I miss the comforting, sympathizing monitor who for seven years had been teaching me more than I could teach him, but all my prayers had been answered, all my labors crowned ; and with other duties before me I was enabled to look at the past, to thank God, and to take courage.

The departure of John B—— from this mortal scene, was as sweetly and calmly bright as was the faith which he held. Enoch's brief memorial would suit him well—"He walked with God, and he was not, for God took him ;" and having thus stated enough to show the blessed fruit with which the Lord vouchsafed to crown my humble labor, I will

return to the subject of that method whereby I am convinced that incalculable good may be done among the deaf mutes, who form a larger portion of the population of our country than we, perhaps, are aware of.

It is not to be expected that in every deaf mute we should meet with a John B——. Such is the gracious dealing of our Lord, that when he would invite to any task of peculiar difficulty, for the furtherance of his glory among men, He frequently places before us some extraordinary encouragement, in the strength of which we may go forward. A more watchful observance of his ways, even in the daily occurrences of life, would often excite our astonishment at the extent of that tender condescension which perpetually stoops to our weakness, removing from before us the obstacles that our slothful hearts would represent as insurmountable ; and by manifest interpositions reminding us, that HE is with us for whom nothing is too hard. I have sketched the story of my own interesting pupil, slightly tracing the progress of his happy course ; not that I

can reasonably expect to see such another bright and beautiful instance among the class for whom I plead—but be it remembered, that the like precious faith must be given to all who shall enter the kingdom of heaven. All the Lord's sheep must be brought to him, that there may be one fold and one Shepherd; but there will be many weak lambs among the flock, and we must not despond, should our most sanguine expectations not be realized in them. Neither must we withdraw our hands, even though signal and grievous disappointment might tempt us to say, that we have labored in vain.

In thus cautioning my fellow-laborers against despondency, I am painfully reminded of my failure in a case that led to the one over which I am calling on them to rejoice. Before I met with John B——, I had been led to make a similar attempt with one a very little older than he was, a most brilliant creature, of extraordinary talent and quickness. But, alas! an early acquaintance with vice in every form appeared to have hardened his spirit beyond

the reach of human means to soften his wild, fierce character. To me he was so gratefully and devotedly attached, that there was no effort he would not make to acquire what I set before him ; and his tasks were accomplished with a rapidity and correctness that amazed me, but on the following day not a trace would remain of what had been recently accomplished : he was ready for any new lesson that I wished to give, but, except in writing, not a step was really gained, neither could I, by any means, draw his attention to spiritual things ; he had actually no thought beyond his own present gratification, of which one part, indeed, consisted in pleasing me, and therefore he went through his daily tasks with perfect good humor, and being exceedingly vain, delighted to make the most of his acquirements before others. I persevered with sorrow of heart, until he, one day, brought in little John, as I have related, and introduced him with great glee, ran off to his own play. He afforded great encouragement to the beginner, affecting a very patronizing air, and expressing great

pity for his supposed want of talent, for John's progress was extremely slow at first, and he seemed to common observers, a mere foil to the sparkling Sylvester. After a little while, however, the latter became more irregular than ever at his studies, and soon entirely absented himself. To this day I grieve over the recollection of that lovely and engaging, but most depraved, boy, and many a pang did it cost John, to reflect that the person who had, instrumentally, brought him under the blessing, himself rejected it as a thing of no value. In a third case, also, I was unsuccessful, owing to decided mental incapacity in the child on whom the attempt was made, while the intervention of superstitious jealousy, in another instance, deprived me of a most interesting charge—a girl. All these were taken from the very poorest of the people, and nearly at the same time. The Lord had one work for me to accomplish, and it was, in some respects, as when Jesse caused his sons to pass before the prophet, who, judging according to outward show, was reproved, and made to understand



that the choice rested with Him who seeth not as man seeth. Had I been suffered, through unbelief, to relinquish the charge, because out of four instances three proved abortive efforts, and the fourth rather discouraging at the outset, what a blessing should I have lost! I mention it in order that none may come too hastily to an unfavorable conclusion in regard to an individual under instruction, and also that where a decided failure takes place, the teacher may go on seeking out other instances, humbly trusting that the chosen of the Lord will yet be made manifest, though perhaps the last and least as David was, when withheld until after seven disappointments, the prophet inquired, "Are here all thy children?"

I sincerely believe that so much discouragement was appointed to humble me, and to prevent my being too much puffed up at the very signal and astonishing success that was at length vouchsafed in the instance of John B——. I would not counsel any one to expect a failure, but, having been led to compassionate the case of a deaf mute, to proceed

boldly forward, looking for the blessing that will be given in answer to prayer. I certainly failed in this point, that I went to work in a self-confident spirit ; and it was not until I had experienced much mortification, that I cast the whole burden on the Lord, and found him willing to give very far beyond what I had asked or thought. Let this be a warning to others : and now we will proceed to consider the undertaking itself.

The grand object to be attained, is to place the deaf mute within the reach of instruction ; and this, certainly, requires more time, and thought, and patient perseverance than any other work of the kind. The teacher must first learn of his pupil, by observing what signs he makes use of to express different ideas ; and then, catching at those signs, he must apply the words that express them. For instance “good” and “bad” furnish a distinction that the deaf and dumb are very fond of making—they show their liking or aversion for any thing very unceremoniously ; but they have not all the same sign for them. General-

ly, to note approbation, they will pat, or stroke, the stomach, with a smile of pleasure; and this sign the teacher must imitate, and then spell "good," until the pupil has learned it, as expressing the same thing with his sign. A quick shake of the head, frowning and moving the hand as if to repel something, is the usual sign for bad; and this must be translated also. A very little observation will enable the teacher to keep up the plan of instruction continually, laying in such a store of useful words, even during hours of recreation, as will materially assist him when engaged in more regular instruction. It is desirable that no time should be lost, before the deaf mute is instructed to form the alphabet on a slate, and encouraged to write, that every word may be expressed in the three-fold form of the printed characters, the finger language and writing. The copies that are set for the deaf mute, should invariably consist of something that he can understand; and each should be fully explained to him before he writes it. The first copy that my dear boy wrote consisted of the words, "John's hat

is black.” John, as he had learned, signified himself; hat was one of the first objects that he had spelled; black was explained by showing him various colors, and selecting that: and thus he learned to attach a meaning to the little verb *is*, by its connection with the others. “Cows eat grass”—“Fish swim in the water”—“Birds fly in the air”—“The cat loves milk,” and similar little phrases, filled his first copy book. These may appear trifling advances; but let it be remembered, that every word well explained to a deaf mute is a difficulty overcome, and an encouragement given. I have found it easy to make the lessons extremely amusing, with the help of a few other children. Printing on a paper, or arranging the letters to form various commands—shut the door, open the window, stir the fire, bring a chair, sweep the carpet, and many other little directions easily obeyed—I showed one of them to a child, who immediately executed it, another to a second, and so on—the deaf mute taking his turn, until, in a lively pastime, he had got perfectly acquainted with the meaning

of each phrase, and could issue or receive the order correctly, by means of the finger language alone. Children, and above all, Irish children, are most active beings; and an appeal to their tenderness, on behalf of an afflicted play-fellow, will render them invaluable helpers. Care must be taken, however, not to give them verbal directions in the presence of the deaf mute, or he will perceive it—he will feel his disadvantage, and droop under it.

Let it ever be remembered, that the great object of these efforts is to rescue a soul; to bring an immortal being from darkness to marvellous light—from the power of Satan to God. There is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby they may be saved, but that of Jesus Christ; and he only who calls upon that name shall be saved. How shall they call upon him, of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a teacher? When you undertake to instruct a deaf mute, you invade the possession of the strong man armed, who, but for your efforts,

would keep his goods in peace. Doubt not, therefore, that he will bring against you every device that he can form: he will stir up all the corruptions of your pupil's nature, exciting him to idleness, levity, sullenness, passion, and every form of rebellion. He will suggest to you that the work is utterly beyond your ability—that hitherto your plans have failed, or succeeded very imperfectly; that what has been achieved is most trifling, while all that is of the greatest magnitude remains unattempted. He will insinuate, that you have made choice of one who will never repay your care, by any considerable progress in learning; and perhaps, after you have laid a solid foundation, he will instigate you to give it up, commencing the work anew with some seemingly more promising subject. I write confidently here, because I have again and again been thus tried and tempted, and well-nigh overcome; and to the praise of the glory of His grace, who sustained me, be it acknowledged, that to one thing I am compelled to attribute my own happy success in the work. Every morning, without excep-

tion, at the time of family worship, a separate and solemn prayer was offered up for the divine help and blessing on this undertaking ; while the sight of the dear dumb boy kneeling beside us, touched our hearts, and put an earnestness into our supplications which will long be remembered by those who joined in them.

For seven years and a half, this daily prayer ascended ; and precious indeed was the answer vouchsafed : most precious at last, when those cold and clammy hands were exerted to the utmost of their failing strength, to spell on, and to tell me the happy story, how Jesus Christ loved poor John, and how John was going to see the dear *red hand*, and to sing with angels for ever. Many a tear had I shed over him during those years ; tears of anxiety, of disappointment, of unbelief—almost of despair ; but the tears that fell beside his dying couch, were those of unutterable happiness, for I saw the work finished ; and my own experience told me that it was the Lord's alone, though he had deigned to carry it on by the instrumentality of my weak hand.

But if the reader should have no opportunity of personally assisting to bring other deaf mutes within the reach of that blessing which my happy charge now fully enjoys, there are two things that he may surely do : he may pray, and he may assist to excite an interest among others ; and unless he be indeed very poor in this world's goods, he may spare a mite from his substance, towards supporting the excellent institutions that make it their business to give instruction to the deaf and dumb.

We often find the parents of these afflicted children unwilling to send them to the Institution, even when assistance is offered for that purpose. In such a case, let the benevolent friend, who desires to confer the benefit, give the child a few of the first simple lessons described in these pages, and the effect will, in most cases, be surprising. The child will become so much interested in the new and delightful world of ideas thus opened upon him, that he will become a different creature in the sight of his family ; while the advantages to be gained from cultivating his faculties, will



force themselves on the parents' mind, and probably overcome all scruples. I never shall forget the incredulous smile with which John's father consented to my giving his little dumb boy a lesson every day in reading: nor the grateful tears that flowed, when six months afterwards, both parents said to me; "Take our child: he is more yours than ours, for you have made him a different creature. If you left him now he would die: he could not bear to live in his ignorance again."

These were almost the very words in which the present trust was committed to me; and had I proposed to place him in the Asylum, instead of bringing him to reside with me, a similar answer would, no doubt, have been given. God grant that my having preferred, in this case, to take the labor on myself, may be the means, through this little book, of bringing many within the reach of valuable instruction!

It is of great importance that every encouragement should be given to the poor, to send their deaf mutes to the schools; and also that

every support should be yielded to those institutions, because, in addition to the more perfect, and much more rapid mode of instruction pursued there, trades are learned, and opportunity afforded to the young people for gaining an honest livelihood when they leave them. A very little consideration will convince any person how extremely miserable must be the condition of the uninstructed deaf and dumb, shut out, as they are, from the enjoyments and privileges that are common to all around them. The poor mute sees his companions laughing heartily at some amusing tale, and longs to share their mirth, but in vain. It is seldom, indeed, that they can convey to him, by their imperfect signs, any idea of what is going on : and he is more likely to be peevishly checked for interrupting, than to be admitted as a sharer of their merriment. Again, at public and private worship, he sees the knee bent, marks the sobered expression of each countenance, and sometimes the up-turned eye, and evident appearance of addressing some unseen object ; but all is a strange mystery to him, and he

pires under the unsatisfied longings of a spirit which *feels* that it is shut up within bounds, unknown to its daily companions, and would fain break the barrier, but cannot. I have frequently been much moved by the animated and feeling descriptions that my dear boy gave of this state of unwilling ignorance. He told me that he used to watch the motion of the sun, moon, and stars,—the growth of plants, and the various natural appearances which bespeak the hand of an overruling power, until his tears had flowed because he could not comprehend the CAUSE of all. But nothing appears to occasion such distressing perplexity to a deaf mute, as the death and burial of his fellow-creatures. The change produced on countenances which used to smile on him—the icy coldness and total insensibility of the frame—the act of screwing down a coffin-lid over it, and of depositing that coffin deep beneath earth's surface, with the solemn act of worship accompanying it,—all these are terribly and awfully exciting to him ; more especially when he is made to comprehend, by some associate,

that his turn will also come—that he, too, must be enclosed in a long box, and deposited in a deep pit, far from the cheerful light, and from all that now helps to gladden his solitary existence.

I never beheld any thing so striking as the avidity with which my poor John caught at the first intimation of a future resurrection from the dead. It evidently removed from his mind a most oppressive weight of anxious doubt. And I think that I may safely assert, that during more than seven years following, scarcely as many days passed, on which he did not refer to it with delight.

It may be said that the same ignorance on these subjects prevails among the heathen, who had no divine revelation given to them; but let it remembered, that with them, such ignorance is general, and no neighboring light shines, to make them painfully conscious of their own darkness: whereas, the deaf mute plainly sees that others understand what is to him so strangely unaccountable, and that they have a mode of communicating it to all but

himself. That motion of the lips, to which he can attach no meaning, he sees to be quite intelligible to others; and this restless curiosity of his mind—always craving—never acquiring any satisfaction, will either settle into peevish ill-humor, or drive him into scenes of vicious enjoyment, where, in the indulgence of far worse propensities, he may find himself more on a level with his guilty comrades, and less concerned about the disadvantages that he feels when in the quiet domestic circle. This, alas! was Sylvester's ruin.

I have here spoken only of the mute's discomfort, and the temptation to which that discomfort will lead; but of far greater moment, is the plea already advanced, when dwelling on his spiritual darkness, continuing ignorant of those truths which are necessary to salvation. In addition to the law of God written on his heart, and the rebukes which natural conscience will give, we must remember that enough of admonition is conveyed, even in the reproving looks of others, when the deaf mute does wrong, to render him a wilful and ac-

countable transgressor. He therefore stands exposed to the curse, not only by original corruption, but as a conscious and deliberate offender. It is not for man to limit the Lord, nor to assign a boundary for the exercise of his power and mercy: He may work in ways inscrutable to us, for the operations of the Holy Spirit are as the wind which bloweth where it listeth. But we are justified in representing the case under consideration, as one of most imminent, most fearful peril,—in applying to it the awful sentence, “the soul that sinneth, it shall die,”—and in laying deeply to heart, on behalf of our afflicted fellow-creature, the assurance that, in God’s Word, repentance and faith are inseparably connected with salvation. Shall it be, that in the bosom of an enlightened Christian country, these hundreds of immortal beings must totter on the brink of so dark a futurity, for lack of a little exertion on the part of their more gifted companions? Surely not: surely such indifference to the present comfort, and the eternal state of these poor outcasts, cannot exist in any heart where

the love of God has been shed abroad by the Holy Ghost.

A more blameless character than John B—— was, when dwelling in his father's cabin, seemingly shut out from all instruction, could scarcely be found in his own or in any other rank of life ; yet he never looked back upon those days with any other feeling, than that he had been plucked as a brand from the burning, by the teaching that led him to Jesus Christ. A very short time before his death, he spoke to me about it, telling me that when he was six or seven years old he had pilfered something—I think it was a halfpenny, from his mother's store. This, he said, was written in God's book ; and if he had not prayed to Jesus Christ to pass his bleeding hand over it, that charge would have been read against him at the last day, and he must have gone to hell with thieves. He described his alarm when committing the deed, his dread of detection, and the shame with which he met his mother's looks, so as most clearly to fix upon himself the stain of wilful sin ; and we may be well

assured that there is many a heavy-laden conscience among those whom it is the object of this little work to bring unto Him, who alone can give them rest.

Dear reader, let not these pages ever rise up in the judgment against you. Do something for this class of your afflicted fellow-sinners, of whom it may too generally be said that no man careth for their souls. He who willeth not the death of a sinner, will graciously bless your efforts in his own good time and way : or should they not produce any evident fruit here, yet it will be a sweet word that shall acknowledge the compassionate attempt : “Thou didst well, in that it was in thine heart to do it.”

One word more : the whole of that blessed work which was wrought in John B——’s case, took its rise, instrumentally, from an affecting description of the wretched state of some deaf mutes in the streets of K—— which a pious clergyman gave, in company where I was present. His appeal sank deep into my



heart, and the next day I went out to search for them. Let this be an incentive to others : “ Let him that heareth, say, Come.” Many opportunities are offered in society of pleading the cause of those who have no language wherewith to plead for themselves. The words of one whose heart the Lord may have opened so to do, will be as goads to stimulate many. It was a precious retrospection for Job in his adversity to be able to say, “ I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.” Who will despise the privilege of being a tongue to the dumb?—the blessing of becoming instrumental in teaching those dumb ones to sing the praises of him who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood? My boy one day, when expressing his sweet and original thoughts as he was wont to do, on that subject ever precious to him, told me, that after his body had lain a long time in the grave, there would come a very loud voice, uttering his name : that he would hear it, and say, “ Yes;” and that, having once heard God speak, he never could be deaf again—having

once spoken to God, he could no more be dumb. That he should then go to heaven, and hear the voice of the Lord, and sing to him for ever. It was a most extraordinary instance, how simply and literally he held that glorious doctrine—the resurrection of *the body*; for he was perfectly assured that his spirit would be with the Lord from the moment of dissolution. In proof of this, I need only relate that, a few hours before his death, he offered to take any message from me to a beloved relative who had preceded him into the world of spirits, and whom he expected to see, and to converse with on the morrow. The depth of his reflections was very wonderful; and yet I may almost say that it was mine to witness the birth of his mind some time after I became acquainted with him. It lay like a bud, wrapped up in close folds, impervious to light, and presenting nothing to the eye, but an unformed mass. It expanded to bask in the bright beams of life—giving radiance, and displayed an object most beautiful in the sight of all who contemplated it. And now, transplanted to the

heavenly garden, it flourishes in the presence of the Lord, to his eternal glory.

I have very feebly pleaded a cause that ought to need no pleading whatever—it recommends itself to every compassionate bosom. May the daily prayer of my boy be answered, in the success of this little book, bringing many poor deaf and dumb to the knowledge and love of Christ Jesus our Lord!





